

I'se a Happy Little Nig.

Bin e Lust'ger kleener Nig.

Moderato. ♩ = 88.

HUBBARD T. SMITH.

2. Doch, mei Freunde, ich muss noch ma - che dass ich ge - he, Denn sel -
Oh mei Ma - ry Ann E - li - za is - a Dai - sy, Sü - ser
1. Bin e lust'ger kleener Nig vun Al - a - ba - ma, Vun de

1. I'se a hap - py lit - tle nig fum Al - a - ba - ma, Fum de
2. Oh 'my Ma - ry Ann E - li - za am a - dai - sy, Sweet - er
3. But, my frien', I real - ly now has got to lebe you, Fur dat

3. Ma - del se lau - art nov uf mir; Flott ich geh de Road ent - lang bis ich se - se - he, Un
2. Ma - del uf Er - den net war da, Un das klee - ne sü - se Ding se mach' mir cra - zy, Wenn
1. Land vo - is Korn un Zu - cker - stang; Ich bin komm' euech - see Leut zu a - mü - si - re, Un

1. land ob de su - gar cane and cohn; Fur I'se come to 'muse you white folks wid my sing - in', And
2. Gal ne - ber drew de bref ob life; An' dat lit - tle dar - lin' gal she set me cra - zy, When
3. Gal she's a wait - in' fur me now; So I'll skip a - long de road to where I'll meet her, An'

3. Im Stern - licht den Bund er - neu'n wir. Nu geh ich, na, an - y - how merkt das,
2. se prom - ised zu ver - nimee - ne Fraa. Juch - het - je! de Wed - den is net fern,
1. Ich thu's, fer shure, mit mei Go - sang. Juch - het - je! look, wie ich leicht mich schwing,

1. I'se gwine to do it shore's yo're bohn. Ill there, see! me cut dis pi - geon wing!
2. she prom - ised to be - come my wife. Gol - ly Hil! de day aint be - ry far!
3. dar 'neath de stars - re - new our vow. For I go, oh jess ketch on to dat!

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3. Gid's was sei - ner, kee - ner sagt mir was.
2. Ich tad' al - le ein weer kommt nur gern.
1. You bet, ich schien kan - se wie ich sing.

CHORUS. Now, ma -

1. You bet I can dance as well as sing!
2. I in - vites and hope you'll all be dar.
3. Aint dat fine, but not so fine as dat!

case, un fetsch de News zu o' Miss Li - za, 'Cause mer hen heu - te Nacht a Mie - ten hier, Und ver -
take a - long de news to ole Miss Li - za, For dere's gwine be a meet - in' heah to - night; We will

treib'n de Zeit mit Tan - zen un mit Sin - gen De Nacht durch bis zum Tops - licht schier. Hal - le -
pass de time in danc - in' an' in sing - in', And keep it up till broad day - light. Hal - le -

zu - jah! Hal - le - lu ... - jah! Hal - le - lu ... - jah!

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu ... - jah! Hal - le - lu ... - jah!

KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Patience with the Living.
Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be the need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighs,
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall not defect discover.
Then hands that would lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path will scatter flowers
About our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home:
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, even when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence chafes our clamor;
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were to lift a stone
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home:
Be patient with the living.

—Boston Journal.

Sunday-School Lesson for Feb. 27.

In our last lesson Jesus was on his way to the home of Jairus, when the healing of the woman with an issue of blood took place. Upon his arrival at the house he restored Jairus's daughter to life, and soon after healed two men of their blindness and one possessed by a demon (Matt. ix, 27-34). After this, how long cannot be exactly determined, he revisits Nazareth, his early home and the scene of a cruel persecution where he is again rejected, and soon after he makes a third circuit of Galilee, in which he is assisted by his disciples, whom he sends forth in companies of two.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.
Though he had been forcibly ejected from Nazareth before, his heart yearns for the friends of his youth, his home, Christianity should begin in the home, if anywhere. The man who dictates the policy of a church with unctuous suavity and acts the brute at home is apt to prevent more good than he does. If one is kind, considerate, helpful anywhere, let it be in one's home and native place first.

Every member of the royal house of Hohenzollern has to learn a trade. One of the French monarchs was a locksmith. The most eminent man the world has produced began life as a carpenter. If in these days the aristocracies of eye and intellect should start with the training of eye and hand, there would be a basis of broad sympathy between capital and labor which now does not exist. The most useful benefit of industrial training, but not the greatest, for dexterity of the hand, when added to the educated brain, rounds the whole nature, and has high value in creating thoroughness and soundness of character.

The term "dignity of labor" has gotten to mean the dignity of manual labor at the expense of all the varieties of toil which the brain does. To labor with one's hands or to be able to, is always honorable. This need not impede that higher grade of labor which our Lord undertook later, and which is none the less dignified and hard.

It is strange how unbelief can be popular. Fashion takes freaks. Who knows but the time may come when it shall be "the thing" to cultivate aberration of the intellect? Folly and skepticism are equally marvelous.

Christ's attitude toward mission work gives us pungent thoughts upon that perplexing subject. He confined their first labors to the home field. This was their training-ground. If they were successful in this they were promoted to the more delicate task of evangelizing foreign nations. This might be a profitable way to conduct Quaker policy. The Philistine's thus demonstrates: "The whole statement discloses on the part of that Yearly Meeting a most sorrowful and rapid departure from the principles and practices of Quakerism, and a departure which, if not arrested, must eventually deprive that body of any just claim to be regarded as a true representative of the doctrines and testimonies of our society."

The Yearly Meeting of Friends of Iowa, has adopted the plan of a paid pastorate, and now has sixteen regularly supported pastors. Against this departure from Quaker policy the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting remonstrates: "The whole statement discloses on the part of that Yearly Meeting a most sorrowful and rapid departure from the principles and practices of Quakerism, and a departure which, if not arrested, must eventually deprive that body of any just claim to be regarded as a true representative of the doctrines and testimonies of our society."

Temper reduces the wisest of mortals to speak like the foolish.
Patience enables the fool often to seem like the wise.

—James E. Nesmith.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A Key West fisherman rubs his body with kerosene oil and swims among the sharks in safety.

A Pennsylvania woman 102 years old is said to have been an inveterate smoker for more than fifty years.

A diamond of wonderful purity, weighing 240 carats, was found at the Jagersfontein mine, in South Africa, Christmas day.

A stone crab was exhibited at Charlotte Harbor, Fla., last week, whose legs measured six and a-half inches in circumference.

Joseph, Charles and Frank Klonehek, brothers, of Portland, Ore., were all born on the 4th of July, two in Austria and one in this country.

A baby born in Yonkers, N. Y., weighed only two and one-half pounds. The nurse's finger-ring was easily passed over the child's hand and wrist. The youngster is healthy and expected to live.

The kerosene used in Dakota freezes solid at seven degrees below zero, and it is as much a part of the household work to melt the candles as it is to wash the dishes or sweep the floor.

Living in Japan is very cheap. You can rent a big house, keep three servants, have a driver every day and live off the fat of the land for \$1 per week. In addition to this the natives will take off their hats to you.

As the result of an election wager Charles Hindman, of Chicago, is now engaged in a journey tramp from that city to Washington via New Orleans. He is now somewhere in the interior of Georgia. Mr. Hindman has worn out three pairs of shoes since he began his tramp.

The placement of the Interior Department at Washington is a premature one, who come out in battalions as soon as the clock strikes four, when the clerks quit their desks and the men with such open rooms in search of remnants of lunch, and are very bold.

A man in Craig county, Virginia, has three children whose names are, respectively, Jayley Green, Bird Mayflower, Brickey, Oregon Texas, Georgia Brickey and Molina Truxilla Eutaw Sebilla Tootater Brickey. The names are declared to be so entered in the family Bible.

A man and his dog were walking on the railroad track, near Springfield, Mo., last week, and when a train approached, the man stepped from the track, but the dog knocked him against the man with such force as to render him insensible for a time.

An "Emperor William clock" has been made in Berlin. The case represents the old Emperor's palace. When the hour strikes the palace guard marches past, and William I. with his first great-grandson, now the little Crown Prince, appears at the historic corner window where he so often showed himself to his people.

For blunders of expression the following advertisement, taken from a London paper, wants a good deal of beating: "I, Emanuel Emanuel, sole surviving partner of the firm of E. & E. Emanuel, goldsmiths, etc., beg to inform my customers and friends that the announcement in a London paper of my death and burial is premature."

There is a water-wheel in use at Bondouham, Me., which is probably the only one of its kind in existence. It is twenty-seven feet in diameter, with a foot of its rim out of water at high tide; the spokes are wide and set diagonally, like the vanes of a wind-mill. It turns eighteen hours of the day by tide power, running one way with the flow, the other with the ebb. With one foot fall of the tide this wheel gives about fifty horse-power.

A young man of Hawkinsville, Ga., and his "best girl" quarreled some days ago, and cutting a delicate piece of white ribbon into the shape of a miniature flag, he sealed it in a sweetly-perfumed envelope and forwarded it to his fair enemy. It had the desired effect, and she at once gave him permission to cross the line and be happy again.

In a graveyard in Griffin, Ga., are ten graves in one plot, containing the bodies of five wives and five husbands. The graves of that town. The slabs are so arranged that the first is that over the first wife; then comes that over the first little child's grave. Then the second wife and the second child follow. The whole series, therefore, reads as follows: "My wife Marie, aged twenty-five. Little Simeon. My wife Jane, aged thirty-one. Little Georgia. My

wife Anna, aged twenty-seven. Little Birdie. My wife Marie, aged twenty-eight. Little Ruth. My wife Betsy, aged thirty. Little Hope."

A youth who went into a Buffalo store and asked for socks, not knowing the proper size, was told to hold out his hand. The customer held out his hand, and doubled up his fist, as directed. The clerk took a sock from a box, wrapped the foot around the fist, and guaranteed a perfect fit. "I am just as sure it will fit you as though I had measured your foot," said he, as the distance around the fist is always the length of the foot.

The disappearance and rescue of Captain Pruden, in Montana, who was lost from camp, recently, in company with a government mule, was an exciting and peculiar adventure. Pruden was found by Fire Wolf, one of the Cheyenne scouts sent out to look for him. He had been lost ten days, and in all that time had nothing to eat. The mule was set free to graze every day, and at night returned to the place where Pruden was, and by its warmth kept the man alive.

Back in the last century Alexander Smith, afterward known as John Adams Smith, a well-known member of the famous mutiny on the ship *Bounty* in 1789, saved a midshipman from drowning. The latter put \$100 in bank to await Smith's call. It remained until it had risen to the sum of \$26,000. Now three grandsons of the mutineer, living on Norfolk and Pictou islands, have discovered their identity, and one of them has succeeded in establishing his title to the great accumulation.

Punk, the well-known shaggy black-and-white shepherd dog belonging to General B. L. Smith, was the constant companion of his master for the last eighteen years, died recently at New Hartford, N. Y. He had lived far beyond the average of his kind. Few dogs ever reach the age of twelve years. The only one on record that lived to a greater age than Punk was the pet dog of Wilhelm, the sister of Frederick the Great, which reached the age of nineteen. Punk was eighteen.

An inmate of the penitentiary at Salem, Ore., cut off his hand in order to get a spell of freedom. On his way to the penitentiary a few weeks ago he told the officer that he did not intend working while in jail. He was assigned to the foundry, and on the first day burnt his foot. Afterward he asserted he was sick, and when this was found not to be the case he mutilated himself. He used a hatchet and made two blows at the hand before he accomplished his purpose. The penitentiary doctor says the man is not insane.

Fire under water may be produced by placing a small piece of phosphorus in a specially-shaped glass filled with water and some crystals of chlorate of potash covering the phosphorus, and then pouring through a long tube funnel or a glass tube mixture of sulphuric acid down on the bottom of the glass. The gas, being lighter than water, rises and ignites the phosphorus, and the intense chemical action produces sufficient heat to inflame the phosphorus under the water. Where there is sufficient heat and oxygen, fire will burn whether in air or water.

A novel scarf-pin of French design has just appeared. It is a singing bird in gay plumage. The apparatus consists of an India rubber bulb connected by a tube with the body of the bird, but concealed by the wearer's clothing. The bulb is pressed and makes a wind current, which works a small whistle, and at the same time the bird's beak moves and his tail wiggles in a very natural way. To the spectator, who does not see the machinery, it is a very wonderful thing. Considering that the bird is only the size of an ordinary scarf-pin, it is really a curious piece of mechanism.

Bad Outlook for Spellbinders.

Prof. Graham Bell says that the deaf mutes are increasing at a faster rate than the general population. But it does not appear that it is a misfortune. Perhaps we are approaching a higher civilization.

Wisdom Is Sorrow.

Probably no one ever felt more keenly the pain of parting than the unsophisticated small boy who sticks his tongue against an iron post when the thermometer registers 6 degrees below zero.

Reform the Colleges.

There are too many free-trade professors in our colleges and universities. Whose fault is it?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Free Pass Expected.
Puck.
St. Peter—Here, hold on a minute! I haven't had time to question you yet.
New Spirit—Oh, I'm all right. I'm a Biddle, of Philadelphia.

An Accessory to the Mustache.
Puck.
Herr Eistenhaben (as the guests sit down to dinner)—Vos you der budler?
The Butler—Oh, am, sor.
Herr Eistenhaben—Ven you serve me mein soup, bring a sdraw.

Brain Work.
Puck.
"Uncle Aleck, what are you doing this winter?"
"I see book-keepin', boss."
"Book-keepin'?"
"Yas, dat's it. De ole 'ooman takes in washin', 'n' I keeps de count o' de pieces."

Feminine Nature.
New York Weekly.
Adult Son—Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—
Mother—My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means.

Cut Out for a Politician.
Yonkers Statesman.
"Will you have a piece of this nice mince pie, Tommy?" said Tommy's aunt, with whom he was taking his dinner.
"Please, ma'am," replied the little fellow, holding his plate; "but you might put two cents on now, mamma has taught me never to pass my plate back for the second piece."

Theory and Practice.
New York Weekly.
Missus—Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?
Servant—Sure, mum, the young lady has just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking school.

Merely a Trifle.
Pittsburg Chronicle.
Farmer to Dakota Emigration Commissioner—I'd think you'd be ashamed to ask people to go to Dakota, when so many people have been frozen to death there lately.
Commissioner—Oh, my dear sir, you don't understand. It is true people have been frozen to death in Dakota; but then the cold is so very dry and bracing that they never mind a little thing like that.

A Touch of Nature.
Philadelphia Record.
Mr. De Pink (reading)—A Hartford dog has been taught to wait at the gate for the postman and carry the mail into the house. The other morning there were no letters, and as the carrier passed without stopping, the dog jumped from his place and savagely attacked the carrier.

Mrs. De Pink—Why, that's just the way I feel when the letter-carrier passes without stopping.

A Suggestion.
Merchant Traveler.
"Why do you write so many verses, Mr. Smutcher?" said a young lady to a youth who had long hair and squinty eyes.
"The answer is very simple, I assure you."
"What is it?"
"I write verses for a living."
"Ah, but you should bear in mind that beautiful and most just of all maxims."
"What is that?"
"Live and let live."

Quite Another Thing.
Town Topics.
Father—So Mr. Straddle has asked you to be his wife, has he? And you think you love him? Do you know, my child, that he is no better than a common gambler? If I had the making of the laws all such stock jugglers would be in the State prison.
Daughter (demurely)—Yes, he does speculate a little.
Father—Eh! \$100,000! The deuce you say! Sharp fellow, that. Well, my child, you must follow the dictates of your heart.

Another Mystery Explained.
Philadelphia Record.
Sensible Wife—My dear, you remember, of course, that before our marriage I told you that I rather enjoyed cigar smoke.

Well, I am sure I do not love you any less now, yet the fact remains that I find you smoking intensely disagreeable. Why is it?
Sensible Husband—When I had only myself to support I smoked two for a quarter; now I smoke two for five.

It Was Lacking.
Detroit Free Press.
A woman in the waiting-room of the Third-street depot, the other day, had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible, and then observed:
"Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father."
"Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get."

WOMEN IN AFRICA.
Some Travelers Who Are Really Enthusiastic Over the Charms of the Fair Sex.
New York Sun.
The explorer, Von Francois, was engaged a while ago sketching an African village, which was a little out of the common because all the houses were built on platforms which kept them out of reach of high water when the river overflowed its banks. While engaged with his sketch, he says, his attention was suddenly riveted by "a black beauty." Many Caucasian ladies, he thinks, could well envy this primitive maiden for her skill in the arts of coquetry as she poised her head now on this side, now on that, and puffed demurely and fro along the shore, showing her big black eyes all the while to the best advantage. One would hardly notice the fact, he says, that she was very scantily attired so well as the lack of clothing supplied by elaborate and beautiful tattooing and long strings of cowrie shells, which she wore around her neck and body, while a girthing encircled her waist. Altogether, he thought, she was one of the most picturesque and attractive objects he had seen in Africa.

Several other travelers have spoken in quite complimentary and appreciative language of some of the ladies they have met in Africa. Becker had not gone inland one hundred miles from Zanzibar before he was expressing his admiration for the "young and really pretty negroes and their attractive forms." Of course, he had plenty of opportunity to observe that "their shoulders are rounded and elegant, their arms are exquisitely molded, and their forms are quite perfect." "Our brown beauties," he adds, "were not particularly shy, but at the same time they were quite reserved. They would ask us timidly for permission to pass their hands over our skin, whose whiteness astonished them, but they retired in good order whenever we offered reciprocally to pat their shoulders or cheeks."

Another traveler, who has just written a description of several African tribes, thinks that the poorest taste in the way of ornaments he has seen is among the Bayansi women, who wear brass rings around their necks weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds. The flesh under these rings, he says, is in many cases continually chafed and raw, and for hours at a time the women support their rings on their hands in order to relieve the pressure upon their necks. And yet no well-to-do married woman would think that she could exist without her neck ring, and when they are asked if this ornament is not a very uncomfortable thing to wear they always pretend that they do not understand. Brass is money among the Bayansi, and the men, in having it forged in big lumps around the necks of their wives, have found a safe but rather cruel method of money-keeping.

Sunday Newspapers and Civilization.
Boston Herald.
A Lowell clergyman joins in the pulpits warfare against the Sunday newspapers. He thinks they keep people away from the churches, and he expresses a desire to locate in a place where they are not published or read. He can probably be accommodated by going on a missionary trip among the howling dervishes of the African desert. Wherever civilization and Christianity have penetrated he will probably find the Sunday newspapers flourishing. They are generally found to travel hand in hand.

One Successful Strike.
Jewish Messenger.
The most successful strike in history was when Moses and the children of Israel struck for freedom and got it.

Stop that cough. Brown's Expectorant, only 50 cents a bottle.